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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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A SOVIET GRANARY destroyed by the retreating Russian soldiers. Searching the still smouldering ruins are a few Soviet peasants, gleaning what the fire has not reduced to ashes, lest even a handful should be left for the oncoming Nazi invaders. The destruction of all things—grain, houses, machinery—likely to assist Hitler, is one of the greatest patriotic gestures in history. Russia is willing to sacrifice her material progress to preserve ultimately her freedom. *Photo, Associated Press*

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The Way of the War

FROM 14 TO 8: OUR WAR AIMS TAKE SHAPE

"FOURTEEN Commandments? Why, *le bon Dieu* himself had only ten!" This was "Tiger" Clemenceau's comment on the peace proposals put forward by President Wilson in January 1918. The cynical old freethinker might have been less contemptuous of the "Atlantic Charter": Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt between them have produced only eight points...

Wilson formulated his "Points" in an address to Congress. Of the fourteen, the first five were of general application. Open covenants of peace—open diplomacy, in other words: freedom of the seas; removal of economic barriers; reduction of armaments; and an adjustment of colonial claims based upon the principle that the interests of the populations must have equal weight with the claims of the governments concerned. Then followed eight concerned with rectifications of the political map of Europe. Finally, the Fourteenth Point ran: "A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small States alike."

That was in 1918. Now in 1941 we have the "Atlantic Charter" (see page 110). None of its Eight Points is concerned with frontier revision, whether because the two statesmen who framed them think it is too early to make detailed proposals, or because it is assumed that we shall bear in mind Mr. Churchill's frequent declarations that all the territorial wrongs worked by Hitler of recent years shall be made good. In 1941 the draftsmen are concerned with broad principles. Britain and America seek no aggrandizement, desire no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned, respect the right of all peoples to choose their own form of government and wish to see the restoration of sovereign rights and self-government to those who have been forcibly deprived of them.

FOLLOWING these expressions of political resolve and intention are two "Points" in the economic sphere. The one declares that Britain and America will endeavour, "with due respect for their existing obligations"—some have hastened to point out that if this reservation means anything it may well mean danger to our hopes and plans for a permanent improvement in international relations—to see that "all States, great or small, victor or vanquished," shall have equal access to the trade and raw materials of the world needed for their economic prosperity. The other, by way of corollary, expresses the desire that there should be the fullest collaboration between all nations in the economic field, with the object of "securing for all improved labour standards, economic advancement, and social security."

The next Point expresses the hope that after the destruction of Nazi tyranny there will be established a peace which will afford to all nations the means of dwelling in safety within their own boundaries, which will afford assurance that all men—the emphasis is on the *all*, as Mr. Attlee was at pains to show when he read out the declaration over the wireless—in *all* lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want. Here surely we have an echo of Roosevelt's "Four Freedoms" speech of a few months ago.

That the peace shall permit all men to traverse the high seas and oceans without hindrance is hardly an improvement on Wilson, since he demanded "freedom of the seas" alike in times of war and times of peace. Then the eighth and last Point declares that all the nations of the world must come to the abandonment of the use of force. Yet since peace cannot be maintained if armaments continue to be employed by the aggressor nations, these nations must be disarmed until a wider and permanent system of general security is established. Wilson could hope and work for a world in which there would be no more war. A quarter of a century later all we may expect is that "all practical measures" will be taken to "lighten for peace-loving peoples the crushing burden of armaments."

HERE is the first of the two distinct and marked differences which Mr. Churchill has pointed out between the Atlantic Charter and the attitude adopted by the Allies during the latter part of the last war. The possibility of future war cannot be ruled out; hence, while disarming the nations guilty of having broken the peace, we must remain "suitably protected" ourselves. And the second difference is that whereas after the last war we tried to ruin German trade, now "we have definitely adopted the view that it is not in the interests of the world and of our two countries that any large nation should be unprosperous or shut out from the means of making a decent living for itself and its people by its industry and enterprise."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT acknowledging the cheers of the crowd at Rockland, Maine, on his return from the historic meeting with Mr. Churchill. *Photo, Associated Press*

IN my opinion it is unlikely that the Atlantic Charter will find a place of high honour among the great declarations of the world, among the charters of emancipation of the human race. It has not the ring of immortality. Where in this document is there such a line as Paine's, "These are the times that try men's souls," or Jefferson's, "We hold these truths to be self-evident"? Of a surety there is here never a suggestion of the gorgeous tapestry of Burke, the grand simplicity of Lincoln or Bright, the classic power of Asquith or the joyous lilt of Lloyd George. It is a draft rather than a finished document, a bald statement of working principles rather than a clarion-call to the human spirit.

NEVERTHELESS, the declaration has been warmly and widely welcomed, and by none more enthusiastically than by Mr. H. G. Wells, who is himself a past master in the outlining of "things to come". Mr. Wells has called it "the great declaration," and says that we have only to compare its Eight Points with "the petty Fourteen Points of President Wilson to realize the profundity and vastness of the change" which has come over the human situation since the end of the last war. We may not agree with Mr. Wells's devaluation of Wilson's efforts, but his tribute is all the more remarkable since he himself has been largely responsible for a "Declaration of Rights" which may well have been in the mind of Mr. Churchill—or if not, ought to have been. I have no space here to give it in detail, but it may be read in full in a sixpenny "Penguin"—Mr. Wells's "The Commonsense of War and Peace." Suffice it to say that it consists of eleven main provisions: the right to live, the protection of minors, the duty of every man to give his quota of service to the community, the right to knowledge, the right of freedom of thought and worship, the right to work, the right to enjoy personal property, freedom of movement, personal liberty, freedom from violence, and the right to have a part in the making of the laws. In some directions Mr. Wells goes farther than either Wilson or Roosevelt-Churchill. He realizes the vast revolutionary changes which have come over the world during the last few generations, the last few decades. He knows that we live in a world of potential plenty; he realizes the "out-of-dateness" of national boundaries, that "sovereignty" is so old-fashioned as to be positively dangerous. But such vision and understanding are only to be expected in one who is not a statesman but a seer.

Some there are who scoff at this "Utopia-building." Why waste time discussing what we shall do with our victory when we are as yet so far from having won it? But such critics have no conception of the might of words, of the power of ideas to send men's feet clattering adown strange, untrodden and (as often as not) better and brighter paths. So may it be that the "Points," whatever their number, whoever their author, may help us to glimpse the light at the end of our present long and gloomy tunnel.

E. ROYSTON PIKE

Stronger Grows Our Life-Line to the West

The Battle of the Atlantic continues, but the total tonnage of British and Allied merchant shipping sunk in July, 1941, was the lowest since April 1940, when it was 135,372 tons. Right, women and children gather on a headland to cheer the safe arrival of a convoy bringing food.

The R.A.F. sends crews out with convoys to gain first-hand experience. Below, a Pilot Officer sits on the bridge of a destroyer with the commander. The net is to prevent them being blown overboard.

ENEMY SHIPPING LOSSES

Tonnage Captured, Sunk or Scuttled since Sept. 3, 1939

	Sep. 3, '39-Sep. 2. '40	Sep. 9-Oct. 31	Jan. 7-May 10, '41	May 11-June 10, '41	June 11-July 9	July 10-August 16	Whole War Period
German —	923,000	209,639	623,361	132,000		433,000	2,321,000
Italian —	273,000	92,661	724,339	149,000		294,000	1,533,000
						34,000	34,000
					180,000	(Finnish)	(Finnish)
Under Enemy Control	32,000	12,190	21,810	18,000	(Not analysed)	35,000	180,000 119,000
Total Tons	1,228,000	314,490	1,369,510	299,000	180,000	796,000	4,187,000

Note: In 5-week period July 10 to August 16, Russians claim to have sunk about 200,000 tons (51 ships) in the Baltic and Black Seas. Of the remainder in Col. 6, a substantial part was due to the R.A.F. and a certain proportion to British submarines. (*See also* Table of R.A.F. sinkings in page 28.)

Pre-War Strength		Loss
German :	4,492,708	51%
Italian :	3,448,453	44%

For twenty hours these men have been continuously on duty as their ship watches over a convoy. Even now they can only take a cat nap.

U-BOAT SURVIVORS clambering to safety up the netting of the British destroyer which they tried to sink. In this case it was the destroyer which did the sinking. *Photos, "Daily Mirror"*

How the Nazi Snake Was Scotched in Iran

In page 106 the circumstances leading up to the Anglo-Soviet intervention in Iran were described. Here is an account of the military operations which led to the surrender of the Iranian forces.

It was on the morning of August 25 that British and Indian troops of General Wavell's command, under Lt.-Gen. E. P. Quinan, launched a three-point attack in Western and South-western Iran, while Soviet forces marched into the country from the north.

Starting from Basra in the early hours of that Monday morning, Lt.-Gen. Harvey of the Indian Army, in charge of the forces attacking from the south-west, pushed in three lines of attack. One made a surprise landing at Abadan, where the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. has large refineries, machine shops, storage tanks, and shipping facilities for dealing with its oil ; the second force made an all-night march across sandy desert and captured Khorramshah from the north ; the third headed towards Ahwaz, an important town on the pipe-line. The landing at Abadan was made with the help of naval and air cooperation. After sailing down the Tigris, tugs and sloops landed Indian troops direct at the Abadan waterfront. Considerable opposition was encountered here, but after seven hours of hand to hand fighting the town was captured and the Iranian forces retired northwards.

While this was going on, naval units put out of action two Iranian gunboats which opened fire, set on fire the Iranian escort vessel Babr, and captured several Axis ships found lying in the harbour at Bandar Shapur, in the Persian Gulf, which was occupied by another detachment of Indian troops.

During the first hours of the attack Admiral Beyendor, head of the Iranian navy, met his death while organizing resistance near Khorramshah.

Spearhead of the Attack

Meanwhile, another force, operating from Khanikin, crossed the western frontier of Iran, passed through Qasr-i-Shirin, and advanced along the road to Kermanshah. A British Hussar regiment, belonging to an Indian armoured brigade, formed the spearhead of the attack. Crossing the frontier a few miles north of Chosroes the Hussars circled round Qasr-i-Shirin, cutting the town's communications with west and north and then getting astride the main road between Qasr-i-Shirin and Kermanshah. Here they met a detachment of Ghurkas and led them towards the Paitak Pass. Another column crossed the frontier at Chosroes and headed south-east towards Gilan with the object of trying to get in the rear of any Iranian force which might attempt to hold the strong defensive position of the Paitak Pass, where the road crosses the Zagros range.

Gilan was occupied after very slight resistance and British troops entered Shahabad within 48 hours of leaving Iraq. The measures taken to counter resistance in the Paitak Pass proved highly successful. Patrols sent out to reconnoitre the approaches to the pass encountered, not Iranian, but Indian army troops approaching them from the opposite direction. To avoid encirclement the Iranian troops had retired. As the British forces continued their advance it became evident that the Iranians were putting up no more than a token resistance, and on Wednesday, August 27, a new Iranian government was set up. The premier of the new government, Ali Furanghi, told the Iranian parliament of his government's decision to cease fighting, and as this was unanimously approved orders were at once given to the Iranian troops to cease fire.

East of Shahabad there was some fighting when the Warwickshire Yeomanry were sent out to take up a position on the Zibiri ridge, about seven miles east of Shahabad. The Warwickshires were caught in an ambush and one truckload was captured, though eventually all but one escaped. Artillery then came to their support and the Warwickshires held the ridge for the night, being relieved the next day by Wiltshires. The Wiltshires came in for a certain amount of shelling, but just as the British troops were assembling upon the heights preparatory to making a swift dash across the plain, Major Abdullah Massoud of the Iranian cavalry arrived at British Headquarters to ask for a cessation of hostilities. The British divisional general named his terms for a cessation of hostilities and thereupon the British attack was suspended for two hours to enable the Iranians to consider their reply. An acceptance was given to General Quinan and the British and Indian troops marched peacefully across the plain of Krukur to Kermanshah, which under the agreement was to be evacuated within two days. Into that town they entered on Saturday morning, the actual campaign having lasted only three and a half days. As a special concession the Indian Army Command allowed a token force of Iranians to remain in the barracks and fly the Iranian flag.

In the south-west the situation remained calm. The people showed themselves friendly and were agreeably impressed by the British action of importing at once into the areas they had occupied 650 tons of wheat from Iraq, for there was much destitution in the country. Tempted by favourable credit terms offered by the Germans, the Iranian government had sold for export almost all the year's grain harvest, as well as stocks of tea and sugar, with a total disregard for the welfare of their own people.

In the southern sector the Indian detachments had reached a point only eight miles from Ahwaz when Iranian resistance ceased and the Iranian General Mohamed Shahbakhti surrendered. Shortly afterwards the Indians entered the town.

British Air-Borne Troops

During the campaign British air-borne troops were landed in the largest-scale operation of its kind so far attempted by the R.A.F. Several battalions are stated to have been carried from their base in Iraq by plane.

While these operations were progressing, the Russians, on their side, were making equally rapid progress. In addition to the forces moving into Iran from the Trans-Caucasus, Soviet troops made landings from the Caspian sea.

On the first day of their advance the Soviet forces penetrating into Iran from Trans-Caucasia progressed to a depth of 25 miles in the directions of Tabriz and Ardebil, and these towns, together with Dilman and Lissar were occupied by the Red Army on August 26.

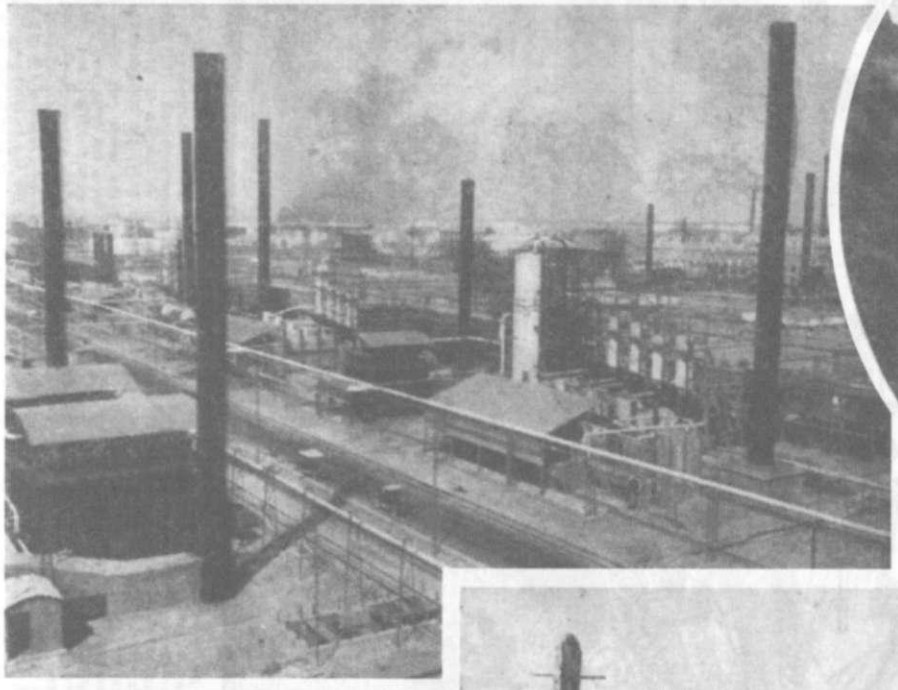
On Sunday, August 31, less than a week after the opening of the campaign, British and Russian forces met at Kazvin, 95 miles north-west of Teheran, and Indian forces advancing along the Baghdad-Teheran road met Soviet troops at Sehneh. As soon as the Iranian forces gave up the fight British and Indian mobile columns moved swiftly over the country taking over strategic points pending the signature of armistice terms. By September 2 it was announced that an agreement had been reached upon the broad principles which would govern the Anglo-Russian-Iranian armistice terms, although some difficulty arose over the insistence of the Allies that all legations under German control should be closed and Nazis sheltering in the compound of their legation handed over.

IRAN, where armed intervention by Britain and Russia removed the dangers of Nazi control. The arrows show the points from which the British and Soviet attacks were launched.

By courtesy of "The Times"

The Gate to India is Now Barred to the Nazis

NEAR TABRIZ, on the road to Marand, Iran. Tabriz, sixty miles from the Caucasian border, is an Iranian keypoint linking the country by rail with Russian Tiflis on the Batum-Baku line and the Turkish city of Erzerum. The Soviet forces entered Iran on August 26.



Oil refinery at Abadan near the Persian Gulf on the Iran-Iraq frontier, where British and Indian troops are now in occupation.

A bridge on the Trans-Iranian railway, which was completed in 1938, the system comprising nearly a thousand miles of line.

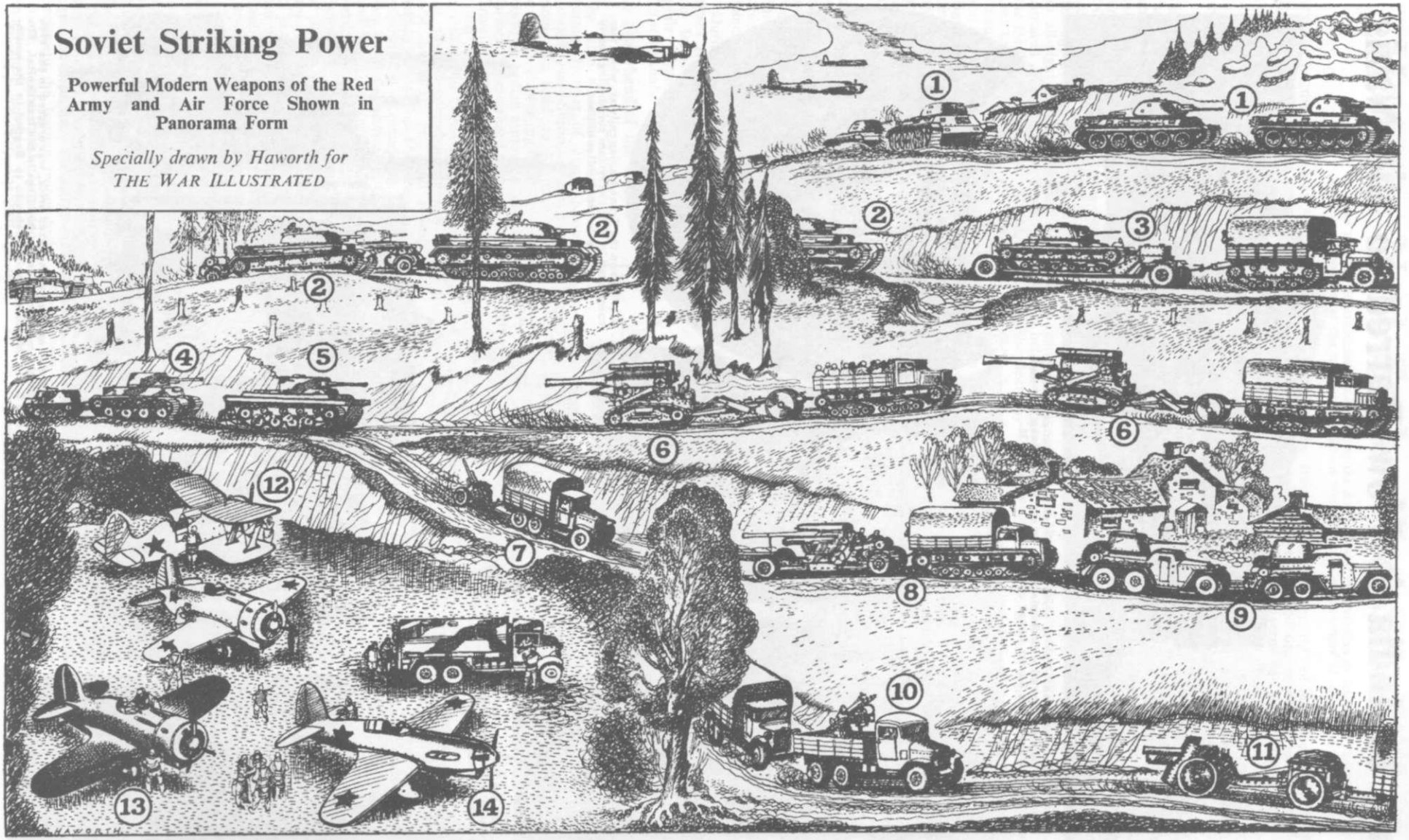
THIS GATEWAY, Teheran, one of the twelve covered with glazed brick, was erected in the 19th century. It is in picturesque contrast to the modern industrial buildings in the Iran capital. On the left, the new high road called the Great Western, linking Teheran to Bagdad in the south-west and to Tabriz in the north-west.

Photos, "Daily Mirror," Black Star, Lubinski

Soviet Striking Power

Powerful Modern Weapons of the Red Army and Air Force Shown in Panorama Form

Specially drawn by Haworth for
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED



RUSSIAN MECHANIZATION. This panoramic drawing, showing a number of Russian fighting vehicles making their way along narrow, winding terraces through low hills, gives some idea of the varied and highly mechanized character of the Red Army.

Tanks: Five Varieties. The tanks shown are: (1) Fast cruiser tanks of 16 tons with 2-inch quick-firing cannon. Bundles of stout branches called fascines are slung on the rear of these tanks and are used to assist the tank over deep ditches or traps. (2) 30-ton tanks whose main armament is a 3-inch gun. Small two-wheeled trailers are pulled behind, carrying drums of oil for replenishing the fuel tanks. (3) Small 8½-ton tank, equipped with 45 mm. cannon, being carried slung on its own trailer. This saves the tracks and suspension mechanism from needless strain. The trailer can also be used for taking the tank back to the repair depot if it is damaged. (4) Flame-throwing tanks, similar to those used by the Russians in Spain. (5) An amphibious tank, which can cross fords and small streams without having to wait for a bridge.

Mechanized Artillery. Russia has many of these heavy guns (6), which can be manoeuvred over difficult country by means of their caterpillar carriage. (7) Small mobile anti-tank guns. (8) Anti-Aircraft guns. (9) Fast armoured cars for reconnaissance. (10) Quadruple machine-guns mounted on lorries to protect troops against low-flying planes. (11) Light field gun and carriage.

Fighter Planes. In the lower left corner fighter planes of the Red Air Force are being serviced and refuelled whilst hidden among bushes and trees surrounding the airfield. The planes shown are: (12) The I-15 B Chato single-seat fighter, which is armed with 4 machine-guns and has a speed of 240 m.p.h. (13) The I-16 B Rata—speed 290 m.p.h., armed with 2 cannon and 2 machine-guns. (14) One of Russia's latest fighters, heavily armed with cannon and machine-guns, which is reported to have a speed of 350 m.p.h. and to reach 15,000 ft. in four minutes.

The planes seen in the sky are SB-1 medium bombers, which closely resemble the American 'Martin.' Their top speed is 250 m.p.h. and bomb load 1,100 lb. They are powered with Wright Cyclone engines. A later development, the SB-2 has a greater speed and longer range. Most of Russia's aircraft bear signs of American inspiration but the armament of later models has been suggested by British experience.

The Red Army Holds On and Hits Back

After two months of fighting on a scale never before known in history, with losses in men amounting to millions, and in machines to many thousands, the mighty conflict between German and Russian continues unabated. Hitler has been unable to force a decision, his armies are being wasted in the Russian inferno, the rains and snow will increase his difficulties, and as each day passes the German people, promised victorious peace for so long, must resign themselves to another grim and fearful winter of war.

On August 26 Berlin authorities, obviously perturbed that they could not implement their promises of rapid victory over the Russians, let it be known that there must be a breathing space. There were difficulties, communications were long, the Soviet armies from one end of the front to the other had remarkable powers of co-ordination.

To put it simply, the Germans had failed to blitzkrieg Russia into a quick knock-out. They had hoped, by driving great wedges into the three main Russian armies under Marshals Voroshilov, Timoshenko and Budenny, to roll them up in irresistible outflanking movements.

Critical as was the position of Budenny's forces in the Ukraine he had saved the greater part of them in his retreat across the Dnieper, and had left large bodies of Russian troops behind to harass the advancing Nazis. Significant was the fact that Odessa continued to remain in Soviet hands, a kind of Russian Tobruk standing like a great rock in the surging sea of Nazi invaders, aided by units of the Russian Black Sea Fleet.

The increasing pressure on the southern sector could only be relieved by a strong counter-attack in the centre, and this had been proceeding for many days. On August 28 the news that General Koniev was near Gomel, accepted at first with reserve, indicated the terrific power of a Russian offensive against General von Bock, a manoeuvre which frustrated the Nazis' plan to smash between the Red armies operating in the centre and south and turn Budenny's retreat into a rout. As Koniev's attack developed it was seen to be one of the most important in the Russo-German conflict so far, and likely to have a far-reaching effect on the whole campaign along the Eastern front. The fury of the thrusts between Gomel and Smolensk was such as to embarrass von Bock, who was apparently unprepared for it, and compelled to withdraw from his advanced positions. It also gave Budenny the opportunity to counter-attack from his positions beyond the Dnieper.

The Great Dnieper Dam Destroyed

The destruction of the Dnieper dam was confirmed on August 28. Having made use of the fine road along the dam at Zaporozhe, Budenny gave instructions for this great work to be blown up. Hundreds of millions of gallons, in a mighty wall of water, leapt forth, causing immense devastation on both banks of the river.

While Koniev and Budenny in the centre and Ukraine respectively were hitting back, a third counter-offensive was developing between Kholm and Toropets in the north in a effort to break through between Pskov and Ostrov, and so threaten the rear of General von Leeb's army advancing on Leningrad.

On August 29 the Germans claimed the capture of Tallinn, the Estonian capital. It fell after many weeks of fighting, the Nazis losing at least 30,000 in this area. The last scenes in the burning city were among the most horrible and violent since the war against Hitler began. Continuous Nazi bombardment was punctuated with louder explosions as the retreating Russians blew up the port's quays and warehouses. Soviet planes and Stukas met in sky duels over the flaming town while Russian warships and transports, with 50,000 men aboard, fought their way out to sea. Though Soviet casualties were heavy, the Russian Baltic fleet was reported to be intact as a fighting unit, and was acting as an important auxilliary in the defence of Leningrad by shelling the Germans advancing along both sides of the Gulf of Finland.

A diversion in the campaign on the East front began to manifest itself at the end of August in rumours of peace between Finland and the Kremlin with American and British mediation. It was also announced that Voroshilov had withdrawn from Karelia. Popular opinion in Finland was said to demand peace as soon as the Finns drew near

The Eastern front, showing the approximate position of the front line on Sept. 1. The dotted line shows the approximate German front on August 12.
By courtesy of "The Times"

This is not Mr. Wells's "invisible man," but an example of Russian ingenuity which caused the Nazis to waste quite a lot of ammunition.
Photo, Associated Press

to their 1939 Soviet frontier. The Russian move was thought, at first, to be a political one, but it is far more likely to have been a purely military measure to concentrate the strongest possible force in defence of Leningrad. The Nazis had been gradually drawing nearer to the second city of the Soviets, and claimed on September 2 to have begun to storm the outer defences, but official Russian sources expressed the greatest confidence that Leningrad would not be taken. As a proof of the city's powerful defences in fighter squadrons and A.A. guns 500 Nazi planes had been destroyed round about Leningrad during the fortnight ending September 2, Voroshilov's armies were fighting against von Leeb's storm divisions with indefatigable heroism, and six dictators, including the Marshal himself, had been appointed to defend Leningrad to the last.

While the situation on the East front is still obscure, and decisive battles have yet to be fought, one thing at least is clear. The Russians have thwarted and are still thwarting the enemy in his main objectives. His territorial gains are large, but the destruction of material and the deliberate ruin of vast industrial works as a result of the "scorched earth" policy have left the Germans in possession of a no-man's-land which may well become more of a liability than an asset.

Germany has, in fact, little to compensate herself for the losses she has incurred. That these are colossal may be gathered from the fact that she has had to draw on her western reserves. Prisoners captured by the Russians say that they had been transferred suddenly from garrisons in France, Belgium and Holland.

On September 2 Moscow announced that in two months fighting 170 German divisions had been wiped out, the enemy's casualties in the series of battles amounting to 2,500,000 killed and wounded. In the first three weeks of August the Nazis lost 12 armoured divisions, 37 infantry divisions, 8 motorized divisions, 17 infantry regiments and several storm troop divisions. The losses in machines—tanks, aeroplanes and guns—have caused an appeal in Germany for more and better weapons, an admission that Hitler's military might has been seriously damaged by the Red armies.

Our Searchlight on the War

HEROIC NURSE IN CRETE

MISS JOAN STAVRIDI, daughter of a London banker, was visiting her sister in Athens when Greece was invaded. She at once volunteered as a nurse and, at the fall of Greece, was evacuated to Crete. Here she became Chief Superintendent of "Hospital 7," situated in no-man's-land between two strategical points. Three times during the campaign the hospital changed hands. All the regular doctors were killed by German machine-guns while out swimming. They were replaced, but Miss Stavridi, at that time the only nurse in Western Crete, remained unrelieved. On one occasion, although clearly marked, the hospital was bombarded for two and a half hours, and at last she ordered the evacuation of patients to the only available place, caves on the Aegean shore. The injured included German paratroops with broken thighs, and by that time only one vial of morphine remained for hundreds of acutely suffering cases. Food and water were also running very short. Miss Stavridi spread sheets on a slab of rock outside the cave mouth and stood by while operations were performed. She sewed enormous red crosses on to other sheets in an attempt to stop bombardment of the caves. But the shells continued to come over. When after 10 days' heavy fire she was discovered by German staff officers, they insisted on putting her on a plane taking wounded to Athens—where she is still nursing

FIRE GUARD armlet, 1,800,000 of which have been ordered as well as a million "patches" for sewing on Street Fire Party armlets. *Photo, British Official*

FAREWELL TO 300,000 LISTENERS

EARLY in August the inhabitants of towns and villages along the north, west and south coasts of Norway were compelled to hand over their wireless sets to the Nazi authorities. Mr. Olaf Rytter, Director of the Norwegian State Broadcasting Corporation in London, gave a farewell address over the wireless to 300,000 listeners who are thus cut off from truthful news. "From all Norwegians," said he, "working on Allied soil and sailing on all the oceans, we send greetings, the last until we can once more meet in some way or other, saying that the bond which, during this year of struggle and suffering, has been strengthened between the home front and the front abroad, can never be broken. The enemy are now trying to break the tie between the two fronts. That is why they have confiscated the wireless receivers. . . . The whole decree is a defeat, morally, for the enemy. It is an admission that the truth is a danger to their cause, and at the same time an admission that their own propaganda machine has proved a failure."

FREDDIE HARRISON, six-year-old London air raid hero, who rescued his little sister from the bomb-wrecked bedroom of his house and then went back to rescue his other sister. He received a cheque for his bravery from an American, and letters and presents from all parts of the world, including this huge engine. With him are his father and one of the sisters he rescued. *Photo, G.P.U.*

THE VOICE

ON August 21 a new irritation was inflicted upon the Berlin wireless authorities, already harassed by R.A.F. interference and illicit listening-in to foreign broadcasts. That evening musical programmes on the long-wave station Deutschlandsender were interrupted by a harsh Voice that denounced Hitler, the war and the sufferings of the German troops in the Ukraine, many of whom were mentioned by name. Sometimes the music drowned the Voice, but in the softer parts it was clearly audible. The next night officials at the station were prepared, and the moment the Voice was heard jamming started. They also tried to squeeze out the interrupter by non-stop transmission, one item following immediately on another and the announcer starting to read the news while the last bars were being played. But despite these and other elaborate efforts the Voice has continued its loud inexorable utterance of home truths, rising above the orchestra, interpolating mocking comments in the announcer's shouted speeches. So successful was the interrupter that on August 29 the Deutschlandsender closed down, and listeners were asked to tune in to Breslau for the news. It is assumed that the pirate is installed at a Soviet station, for on September 3 he read a message signed by a number of German officers and airmen taken prisoner in Russia, imploring the Germans to stop fighting.

HOLIDAY CAMP AT GIBRALTAR

GIBRALTAR garrison has been provided with a novel rest camp to which a hundred men at a time may repair for three days of respite from work and the monotony of life in the fortress. Originally designed for prisoners of war, this barbed-wire enclosure contains comfortable huts for sleeping (with the proviso that the men may get up when they like), for meals, indoor games, reading and writing, an outdoor cinema, a garden laid out with rock plants, and access to two perfect bathing beaches. The food provided is claimed to be the best in Gibraltar, and includes such items as mixed grill, meat pie, melon and lemonade. Band concerts or talkies are given nightly. The sole rule is that men must be back in camp by 11 p.m. It is hoped that every soldier in the garrison will in time have a spell at this holiday camp. Visitors are invited to make suggestions, and the one most often proposed is that those using the camp should be allowed to stay longer than three days.

A.B.C.A.

"THEIRS not to reason why, theirs but to do and die," is an attitude of mind regarding the private soldier which is now, fortunately, nearly dead. The last nail is knocked in its coffin by the creation of a new branch of the Army the Army Bureau of Current Affairs, known as A.B.C.A. for short. Cromwell's famous definition of the citizen-soldier was one who "must know what he fights for, and love what he knows." This thought is the motive behind the new scheme, which aims at keeping the soldier abreast of current affairs.

This training of men in Current Affairs will be conducted by Regimental Officers in training time, will be under the general direction of the Director-General of Army Welfare and Education, and will be run by a body of specialists. Officers will be supplied with weekly bulletins on the basis of which they can inform and instruct their men about current affairs and the progress of the war. There will also be discussion circles, travelling exhibitions, panels of special speakers, etc. The Director of A.B.C.A. is Mr. W. E. Williams, who for many years has directed the British Institute of Adult Education.

ATTEMPT TO KILL LAVAL

UNREST in France, steadily growing from day to day, reached a climax on August 27, when Pierre Laval, former Prime Minister and supporter of collaboration with Germany, was shot and seriously wounded by Paul Colette, a 20-year-old native of Mondeville in the Calvados. The shooting took place at the Borgnis des Bordes barracks at Versailles, during an enrolment ceremony of French volunteers to fight against Russia. Two other men were wounded, but less seriously, by Colette's five shots Marcel Déat, editor of the Paris newspaper "L'Œuvre" and president of the French pro-Nazi party, and Major Durvy, a member of the French Fascist party. The attempt on Laval's life has caused the French authorities to take further drastic measures against Communists.

MID-OCEAN REVIEW

WHEN Mr. Churchill was returning in the Prince of Wales from the historic meeting with President Roosevelt, the giant battleship diverged from her course to overhaul a large convoy bound for Britain. It was composed of ships of all sizes, ranged in lines and stretching over 8 miles, shepherded by an escort of corvettes and ex-American destroyers. There followed an unpremeditated and amazing review of British and Allied shipping, as the Prince of Wales' escort destroyers threaded the lines of the merchantmen and the great battleship herself passed up the convoy, running up a show of signal flags: "Churchill wishes you a pleasant voyage." The convoy's flagship responded by proudly raising

CHURCHILL signal flying at the upper yard of H.M.S. Prince of Wales and made to the convoy which the battleship met in mid-ocean. *Photo, British Official*

the "V" signal in flags. Immediately the cue was taken up by warships and merchantmen alike, and brilliant rows of red, white and blue flags began to flutter in the sunshine from every bridge. Having passed through the convoy and about two miles ahead, the Prince of Wales, with her escort vessels, wheeled round and again went through the lines of gaily dressed ships, with their wildly cheering crews and passengers, before resuming her original course towards Iceland.

ARK ROYAL ONCE MORE

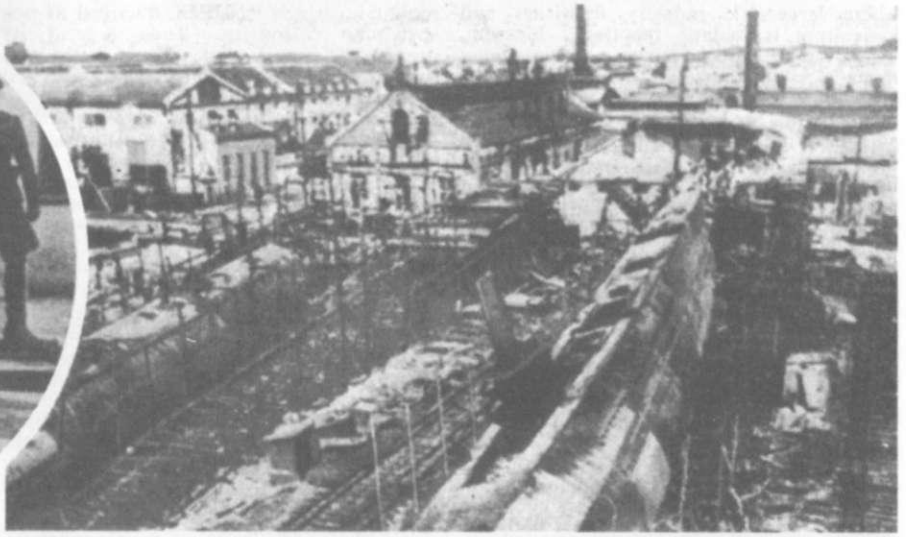
SEEKING in vain to engage the elusive Italian fleet, our still unsunk warship Ark Royal cruised for an hour off Valencia, while her aircraft gave the astonished Spaniards a free show. Fifteen fighters roared over the town, their formation making an enormous "V." Then a formation of 18 bombers took off and, flying with their escort of fighters just outside the three-mile limit, again impressed the Victory sign on the populace. Just previous to this light-hearted air display, planes from the Ark Royal had attacked and set blazing about 16 miles of an important cork forest in Sardinia. Several hundred 25-pound explosive fire bombs were dropped, and a cork factory near Tempio was also set on fire. Flames were visible 75 miles away. The Italians were evidently not expecting a raid in this area, for only one A.A. gun went into action, and no fighters appeared. In a message of congratulation the Admiral signalled: "Estimate enough burnt cork to give every Nazi a Hitler moustache."

Where Nazi Gains Are Bought at Fearful Cost

Two Nazis hammering their way into other people's property, an incident on the East front that perfectly expresses the eternal Hunnish spirit.

When the Russians cannot stop the Nazi tanks with shells they just ram them with their own tanks. Here is a German machine (left), one of three crushed by Captain Kukushkin's tank.

Nazi motorized units impeded in the waters released by the Soviet's destruction of a dam higher up the river. On the right, a Russian soldier escorting prisoners of the 94th German infantry regiment to headquarters.



HITLER and Field-Marshal von Rundstedt after a conference somewhere on the southern sector of the Nazi front against Russia. Hitler's headquarters are now a fleet of lorries in which he and his staff camp, generally near a wood. On the right, Soviet submarines which were under construction in the naval yards at Nikolaiev, near Odessa. They were destroyed prior to General Budenny's retreat across the Dnieper.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press, Sport & General, Keystone

There's Another Russia Beyond the Urals

Even if Hitler succeeds in taking the Ukraine and the Caucasus, Soviet Russia will not necessarily be knocked out. Far to the east beyond Moscow, in the Urals and the vast plain that stretches across Asia to the Pacific, a great new Russia has come into existence of recent years—one which is largely independent and capable of the most prolonged and determined resistance.

Not so many years ago Asiatic Russia—that vast mass of territory extending from the Urals on the eastern edge of Europe to the Pacific facing Japan, from the icebound waters of the Arctic to the torrid mountains of the "roof of the world" close to India—was lumped together as "Siberia." The very word was a symbol of barbaric backwardness. One had visions—there was plenty of substance for them in actual fact—of a barren expanse across which staggered the chain gangs made up of the Tsar's political prisoners, men and women sent to labour in the forests and mines because they had dared to suggest reforms, even to work and agitate for them. Very different is the Siberia of today. It is Siberia no more, not even in name; instead, it is a second Canada in the making, a land where cities have sprung up almost overnight,

MAGNITOGORSK, in the Urals, north-east of the Caspian Sea. A decade ago it was little more than the village of Magnitnaya (Magnet Mountain). Today, as can be seen from this photograph, it is an industrial town of power plants, coke-ovens and blast-furnaces, with a population of over 150,000 living under the best modern conditions. *Photo, E.N.A.*

where large-scale industry flourishes and agriculture is making the desert blossom, where people whose fathers were unlettered nomads go to up-to-date schools and have a literature, even a drama, of their own.

Since the Soviet Union, under Stalin's guidance, became the subject of the Five Year Plans, there has been a marked tendency for industry to shift eastwards to the Urals and beyond. The regions about Leningrad and Moscow, the Ukraine, and the Caucasus are still the prime centres of Russian industrial and mineral production, but they are too near the western frontier to be really safe and comfortable—too near, that is, to Hitler's bombers and tanks. So new industrial centres have been deliberately constructed hundreds of miles, even thousands of miles, to the east. Not only the question of safety has dictated this decentralization.

"The Soviet Union," writes Hewlett Johnson in "The Socialist Sixth of the World," "aimed at immediate and radical distribution of industry. Railways and roads thrust out north, south, east and west to the districts where raw material was found. Agriculture penetrated into lands hitherto neglected. Marshes were drained, deserts irrigated, forests removed, controlled or replanted, and soil enriched. New industrial centres sprang into being overnight, operating local raw materials in local factories, driven by local power plants, and spreading culture and newness of life to local inhabitants. Robbery and exploitation of Russian colonies ceased."

The most important of these new centres of economic life is in the Ural Mountains, which lie where Europe and Asia meet. Here there are being worked vast deposits of iron ore, and already the Urals are the most important centre of Russian iron ore production, yielding 60 per cent of the total Soviet output. Sverdlovsk (pop. 426,000) and Chelyabinsk (pop. 273,000) are two of its most important centres; a third is Magnitogorsk, which is surely one of the most romantic creations of recent years. As recently as 1929 its site was occupied by the obscure village of Magnitnaya (Magnet Mountain), inhabited by Cossack peasants, and herds of cattle browsed on the slope of the Atach mountain, which has been described as one vast lump of iron ore. Today a great city of 150,000 people stands there, with huge power plants, batteries of coke-ovens, and tremendous blast-furnaces. Great ledges have been cut in the mountain, and the ore has been extracted—the raw material of tractors, as of tanks. Where so recently there was a squalid village, there are now, we are told, 17 great blocks of workers' flats, each with its own department store, school, restaurant, and crèches, while each apartment has running water, electric light, gas, and central heating.

Although there is coal in the Urals, there is not sufficient, or rather, it is not of the right coking quality for the iron works and their chemical subsidiaries. Hence now Kuznetsk (Kuzbas) at the foot of the Altai Mountains on the borders of Mongolia comes into the picture. It is 1,400 miles from the Urals, but it has excellent coking coal. So the Ural-Kuznetsk Combine has been formed; while coal from Kuznetsk is carried by rail to Magnitogorsk, ore from Magnitogorsk is taken to Kuznetsk, and at either end are a number of metallurgical undertakings. Another source of coal is Karaganda, on the steppes of Kazakhstan, some 700 miles from the Urals; still other coalfields lie to the north of Kuznetsk on the banks of the Yenisei, and even at Pechori in the frozen Arctic. In addition to pig iron, steel and coal the Ural-Kuznetsk Combine also produces non-ferrous metals and manufactures machinery of every kind. The entire region has been electrified.

From one end of the Urals to the other stretches a chain of oil wells, sited on an extension of the oil-bearing strata running north from Baku in the Caucasus. Derricks tower above the ice at Pechori, and they break the skyline at Cherdyn and Perm, line the banks of the Kama and the Emba, are prominent at Sterlitamak, south of Ufa, and Makat, at the head of the Caspian Sea. Altogether this district bids fair to become what it is sometimes called, a "second Baku," since already it is producing 2,500,000 tons of oil a year—about half the production of the Rumanian oilfields before the war.

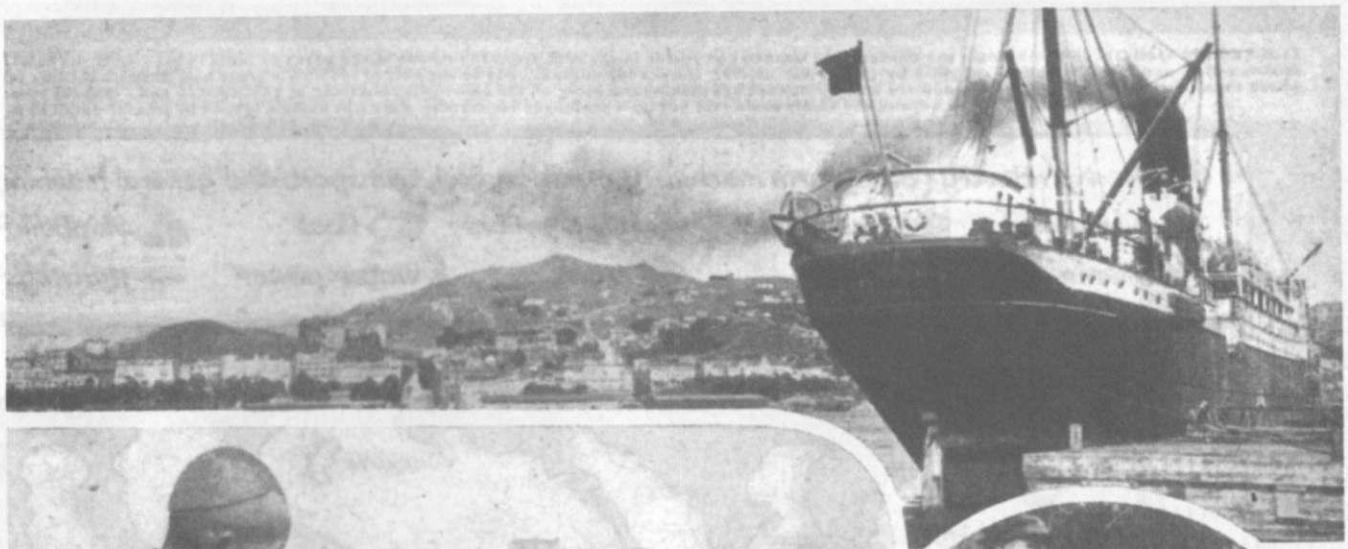
South of the Ural-Kuznetsk region lies Kazakhstan, a huge, dry, woodless plain, with an area five times that of France. Only a decade or two ago the Kazakhs were nomads living in felt tents. Now they work in collective farms, in the coal mines of Karaganda, and at the oil wells on the river Emba, in copper smelting works and railway yards. Alma-Ata, Kazakhstan's capital, is a garden city, linked by railway with Kuznetsk and Tashkent.

From Squalor to Modern Industry

Tashkent is another city which of late years has been transformed out of all recognition. It is the capital of the Uzbek Socialist Soviet Republic, in what used to be called Russian Turkistan. This is the land of Bokhara and Samarkand, famed in history and romance. Until after the Great War they were ruled over by emir and khan; the women went veiled, polygamy was the custom, ignorance was universal, poverty supreme. Behind the façade of oriental glamour was a life of stinking squalor. How different is the picture today! In 1928 the first of the cotton mills were erected in Uzbekistan, and Tashkent and Fergana are now busy centres of industrial life. Nitrogen is extracted from the air to fertilize the fields, since the development of agriculture has kept pace with that of industry. Uzbekistan is now Russia's chief cotton producing area. But perhaps its most remarkable development is the complete emancipation of the Uzbek women; the veils with which they used to cover their faces have been discarded, and women and girls go to school and work side by side with the men.

Still farther to the east has spread the wave of progress. Where in Tsarist days lived tribes of miserable natives, amongst whom were dumped from time to time batches of political prisoners—there industry expands, minerals are worked, towns are born and grow to vigorous life. Yakutsk, only a short time ago a wretched village, is now a city of 25,000 souls. The same story of rapid development can be told of the Far East. The Russian colonies on the Pacific coast have been revolutionized. Immense lumber combines have been set up; the fishermen go to sea in motor-boats, and fish-canning factories are dotted along the coast. New collieries have been started, together with engineering and shipbuilding industries. Sakhalin has a flourishing oil industry. Here too there are cities whose names are becoming increasingly famous: Khabarovsk, for instance, and Komsomolsk on the edge of the forest near the mouth of the Amur. And everyone has heard of Vladivostok, Russia's principal gateway on to the Pacific.

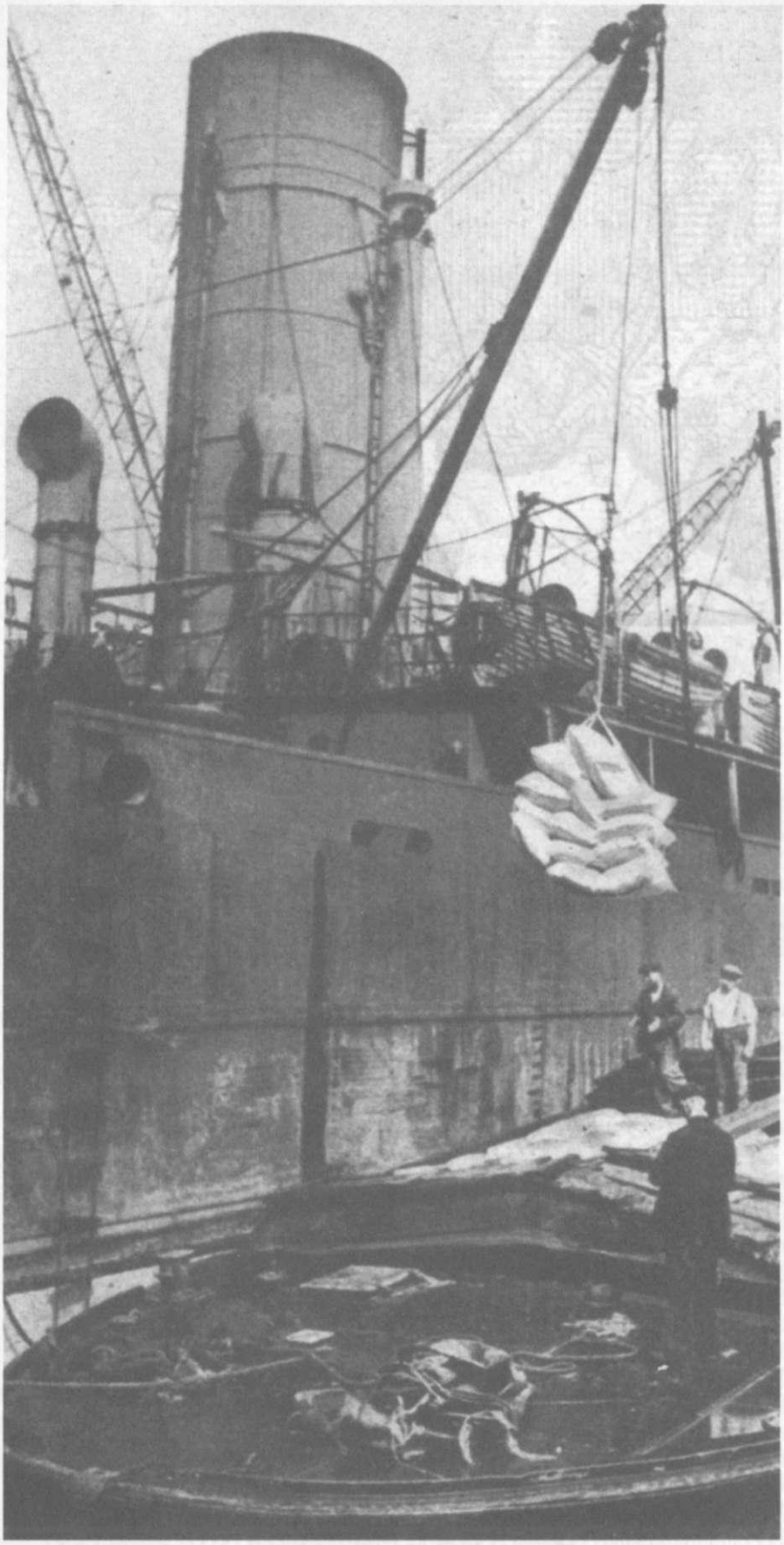
In Asia the Soviet Builds a Second Canada

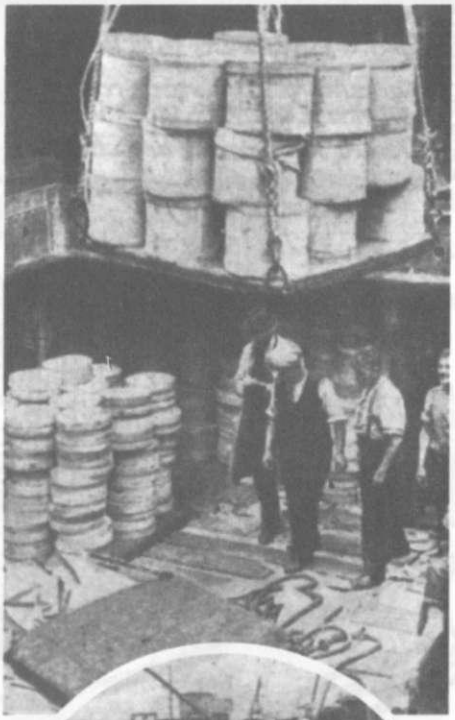


MONGOLIAN CAVALRY, part of the army of Outer Mongolia, where, after the death of the last theocratic ruler in 1924, was set up the Mongolian People's Revolutionary Government run on Soviet lines. The photograph at the top is of the Soviet Siberian port of Vladivostok, through which United States' supplies for Russia are passing in spite of Japanese protests. Beneath, on the left, Kazakhs of the Soviet Republic of Kazakhstan are curious about a railway switch on the Turkistan-Siberian line. Circle: Russian guard on the Soviet-Manchukuo frontier. *Photos, Planet News*

The Colossus of European and Asiatic Russia—Nearly One-Sixth of

The 'Churchill Convoy' Comes Safe Home to Port





FOOD FROM CANADA arrives safely in Britain. In page 117 is a striking photograph of the convoy which Mr. Churchill inspected at sea passing the Prince of Wales, and also an eye-witness account of the episode. Since then every ship of that eight-mile-long convoy has arrived safely in British ports, and above are scenes at the unloading. Left, bags of Canadian wheat being loaded into a barge. Top right, a crane-load of cheeses from Canada. Circle, girls examine a consignment of orange juice, while bottom right, another girl gazes gleefully at stacks of chopped ham. The Battle of the Atlantic still goes on, but it is being won by the British Empire.

Photos, "News Chronicle," Planet News and Keystone

In France Today: Patriots Defy the Quislings

IN France the spirit of resistance grows ever stronger, and ever larger grows the body of Frenchmen who repudiate the "collaboration" policy of Vichy and the quislings there assembled. The photograph on the left is one of a series smuggled out of France by an escaped Belgian prisoner of war. It shows a manifestation at Marseilles in front of the monument to the memory of King Alexander of Yugoslavia and M. Louis Barthou, who were assassinated in that city in 1934 by terrorists instigated by Ante Pavelitch, now the Croatian quisling. This manifestation took place on March 28, 1941, when it was learned that King Peter, the murdered Alexander's son, had decided to resist German aggression

Despite the orders of the Germans, who, when they learned of an intended manifestation, closed all the florists' shops, scores of wreaths were placed at the foot of this monument in Marseilles (see panel, right). *Courtesy of "France."*

The Nazis having confiscated France's stocks of petrol, Paris takes to electric cars, of the kind seen above.

The parvis of Notre Dame, Paris (right centre), once crowded with sightseers from all over the world, is today deserted save for a few Nazi soldiers. Above right, two of the first French sailors, prisoners of war, to be repatriated. Above left, M. Laval, who was seriously wounded by a young Frenchman on August 27 while attending a parade of the Anti-Bolshevik Legion at Versailles, is seen at an exhibition seated with (right to left) Consul-General Quiring, M. de Brinon, and Gen. von Stuelpnagel, General Military Commander of Paris.

Photos, Keystone, Wide World and Associated Press

Our Diary of the War

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 27, 1941 *725th day*

Air.—Ten enemy fighters destroyed during large-scale sweeps over northern France. Eight British fighters missing.

Heavy night attack on Mannheim. Smaller raids on other targets in Germany and on docks at Boulogne, Ostend and Dunkirk.

Russian Front.—Stated that Germans have not crossed Dnieper below Gomel. They claimed capture of Velikiye Lugi, between Smolensk and Lake Ilmen.

Russians repulsed Finnish attacks by land and sea on Hango. Enemy conducting determined offensive against Tallinn. Fierce struggle for Viipuri.

Iran.—Abadan area cleared of Iranian troops. In Persian Gulf British naval forces have sunk two Iranian sloops and captured eight Axis merchantmen.

Africa.—Benghazi heavily raided on nights of 26-27 and 27-28.

Mediterranean.—Night attack by Fleet Air Arm on escorted convoy of four merchant ships. One hit.

General.—Attempt to assassinate Laval.

THURSDAY, AUG. 28 *726th day*

Air.—Offensive patrols over northern France. Shipping in Rotterdam docks attacked and much damage done.

Heavy night raid on Duisburg. Many other targets bombed, including Ostend.

Russian Front.—Main weight of German attack transferred to north, but enemy still held 50 miles from Leningrad.

Moscow announced that Russians have destroyed great dam over Dnieper and that troops have withdrawn from Dnepropetrovsk.

Iran.—British having penetrated 100 miles from west, and Russians 120 miles from north, Iran ordered "Cease Fire."

Africa.—S.A.A.F. heavily attacked enemy dump near Bardia.

Mediterranean.—Two enemy vessels attacked and hit by R.A.F. Powerful night raid on aerodromes in Greece and Crete, over 30 tons of bombs being dropped.

Home.—Few bombs from night raiders at points in eastern England.

General.—Mr. Menzies resigned Australian premiership. Mr. A. W. Fadden succeeded.

FRIDAY, AUG. 29 *727th day*

Air.—Ten enemy aircraft destroyed during offensive operations over northern France and off coasts of Low Countries. Ten British fighters missing.

Russian Front.—Germans claimed capture of Tallinn and port of Baltiski. Russians counter-attacked between Kholm and Toropets.

Widespread floods reported in Ukraine following destruction of Dnieper dam.

Africa.—Heavy night raid on Tripoli; five ships set blazing and harbour damaged. Benghazi and Bardia also bombed.

Mediterranean.—Fleet Air Arm bombed Gerbini aerodrome, Sicily.

General.—Announced that Hitler and Mussolini had had 5-day meeting.

SATURDAY, AUG. 30 *728th day*

Air.—R.A.F. shot up two "flak" ships off French coast. Enemy shipping off Norway attacked. Night attack on Cherbourg docks and ground defences near Dutch coast.

Russian Front.—Stubborn fighting along entire front, but few indications of definite trend of battle. Odessa still holding out.

Finns claimed capture of Viipuri. Berlin claimed that 57 Russian ships trying to escape from Tallinn had been sunk.

Africa.—Another heavy night raid on Tripoli, causing fires among shipping. Fleet Air Arm bombed dumps at Bardia.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. bombed munition factories at Licata, Sicily. Night raids on aerodromes at Maritza and Calato, Rhodes. Fleet Air Arm torpedoed merchant vessel near Lampedusa Island.

SUNDAY, AUG. 31 *729th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced further successes of submarines in Mediterranean Fleet, which included sinking of two enemy schooners and two supply vessels.

H.M. trawler Thorbryn reported sunk.

Air.—Day targets included railway communications and aerodromes. Night raids on objectives in Ruhr and Rhineland, particularly Essen and Cologne. Docks at Boulogne also bombed.

Russian Front.—Fierce fighting continued along entire front. Finns claimed advance beyond Viipuri. Germany admitted Russian counter-attacks north and south of Kiev.

Home.—Sharp night raid on Hull. Slight damage elsewhere. One raider destroyed.

MONDAY, SEPT. 1 *730th day*

Air.—Night raid on Cologne.

Russian Front.—Armies interlocked in almost stationary struggle. German salient at Gomel threatened by Russian forces on flank. Stubborn defence of Leningrad continued despite ceaseless enemy dive-bombing.

Iran.—Armistice terms reported signed. British and Russian troops met at Sehneh and Kazvin before separating.

Africa.—About 100 enemy aircraft made dive-bombing attacks on Tobruk, but damage and casualties were negligible. Tripoli and Bardia heavily raided on night of 31-1. Considerable enemy shelling in frontier area.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. attacked Pozzallo, Sicily, and Cotrone, S. Italy. Fleet Air Arm bombed aerodromes at Gerbini and Comiso, Sicily, on night of 31-1.

Home.—Night bombers attacked north-east coast towns, causing damage and casualties. Two raiders destroyed.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 2 *731st day*

Air.—Daylight raid on Bremen. Low-level attack on heavily guarded supply ship off Dunkirk; two hits made.

Heavy night raids on Frankfurt and Berlin. Lesser attacks on Mannheim and other towns in Germany and on Ostend and Dunkirk.

Russian Front.—Fierce battle raging near Leningrad. Reported that during past three days Russians had bombed enemy Black Sea ports, troop concentrations and supplies.

Reported that Finns were negotiating for separate peace with Russia based on restoration of 1939 frontiers.

Africa.—Heavy raids on Tripoli and Benghazi during night of 1-2. S.A.A.F. bombed landing-ground at Gazala.

Mediterranean.—Fleet Air Arm bombed Sicilian aerodromes of Gerbini and Comiso.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 3 *732nd day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that British submarine attacked Axis convoy near Libyan coast, sinking two schooners.

Air.—Night raid on Brest docks.

Russian Front.—Marshal Voroshilov now in charge of operations round Leningrad and directing counter-attacks.

Africa.—R.A.F. attacked Derna, Gazala and Bardia during night of 2-3. S.A.A.F. shot down five enemy fighters near frontier.

Mediterranean.—Fleet Air Arm attacked escorted convoy of five merchant vessels east of Sardinia during night of 2-3. One large ship blown up, another hit, and two smaller ones damaged.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 4 *733rd day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that H.M. cruiser Hermione had rammed and cut an Italian submarine in half.

Air.—Fortress aircraft bombed Rotterdam. Eleven enemy fighters shot down during day.

Russian Front.—Voroshilov launched counter-attack at centre of German advance on Leningrad. Finns claimed to have reached old frontiers at all points except near Murmansk.

Mediterranean.—Nine enemy aircraft shot down over Malta; many others damaged.

Fleet Air Arm sank enemy destroyer outside Tripoli harbour and hit large merchant ship during night of 3-4.

R.A.F. attacked shipping at Cotrone, S. Italy. Night attacks on aerodromes at Gerbini and Catania.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 5 *734th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that our submarines in Mediterranean had damaged 10,000-ton cruiser near Messina, torpedoed large liner and sunk tanker and supply ship.

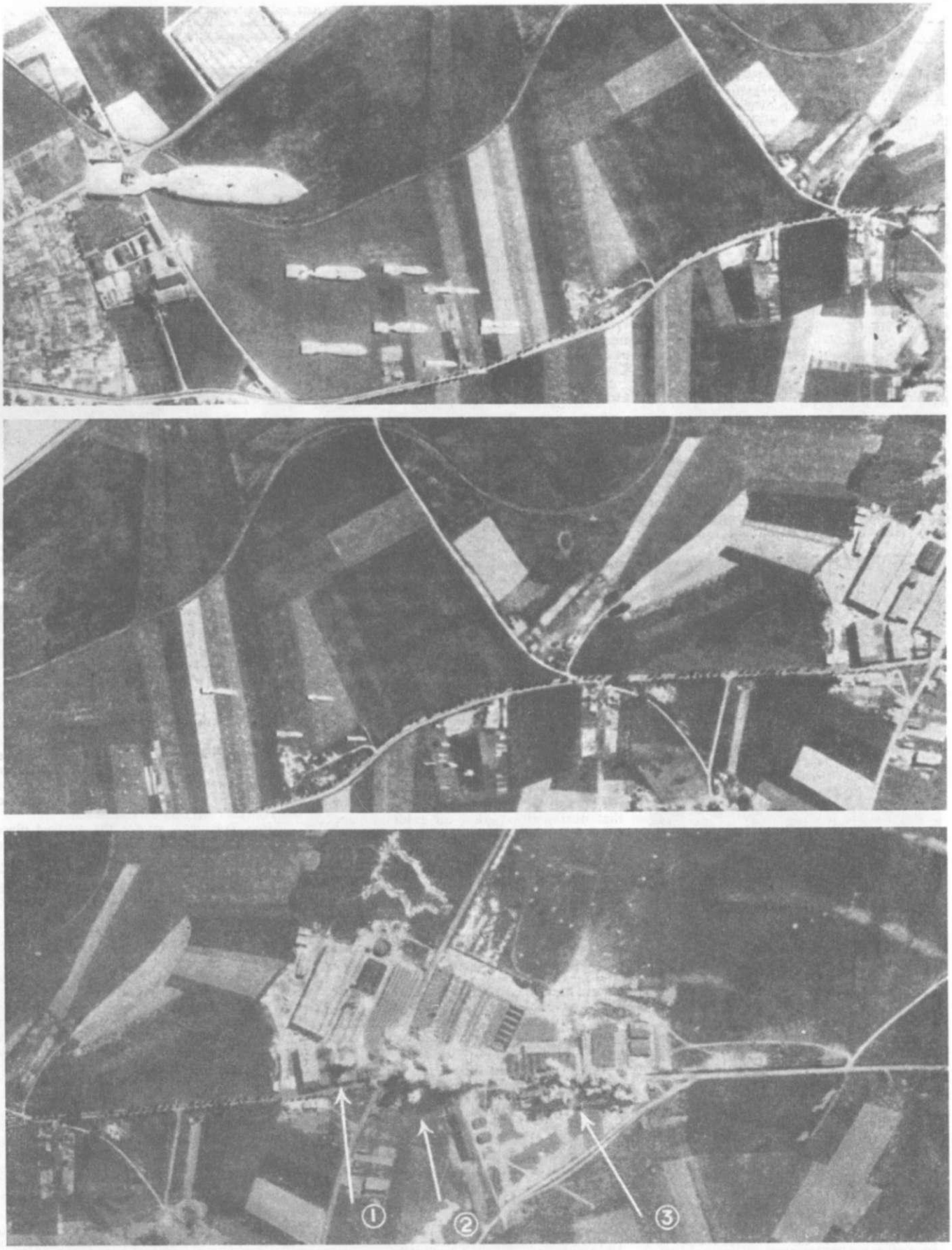
Russian Front.—Germans still 50 miles from Leningrad. Russian counter-attacks continued here and in Ukraine.

Africa.—During night of 4-5 bombing raids were made on Tripoli, Barce and objectives at other points.

General.—Announced that U.S. destroyer Greer had been attacked by submarine while carrying mails to Iceland.

ITALIAN PRISONERS, now being employed on agricultural work in England, unloading stores from a lorry. Many hundreds of Mussolini's "invincible" army are doing really useful work in draining, ditching and general farm labour, thus helping to solve Britain's food problems. *Photo, Planet News*

The Flight of Bombs from Plane to Target



A DAYLIGHT ATTACK provides opportunity for explaining a confusing matter. In page 85 bombs dropped on Knapsack seem to be going nose upwards. Here, in a series taken during a raid by Short Stirlings on the Potez aircraft factory at Méaulte, near Albert on the Ancre, the sequence is clearly shown. Top, bombs have just left the plane. Centre, the bombs are half-way down and the target appears on the right. Bottom, the target is hit: (1) machine-gun shops: (2) shops and main assembly hangars; (3) assembly shops. *Photos, British Official*

This is What Tobruk is Like Today

Since the middle of April Tobruk has been besieged, though it is in no sense cut off from the world as the approach to it by sea is still open. Recently it was visited by a number of War Correspondents, and here we have an account, largely based on Richard Capell's dispatches to the "Daily Telegraph," of what they saw.

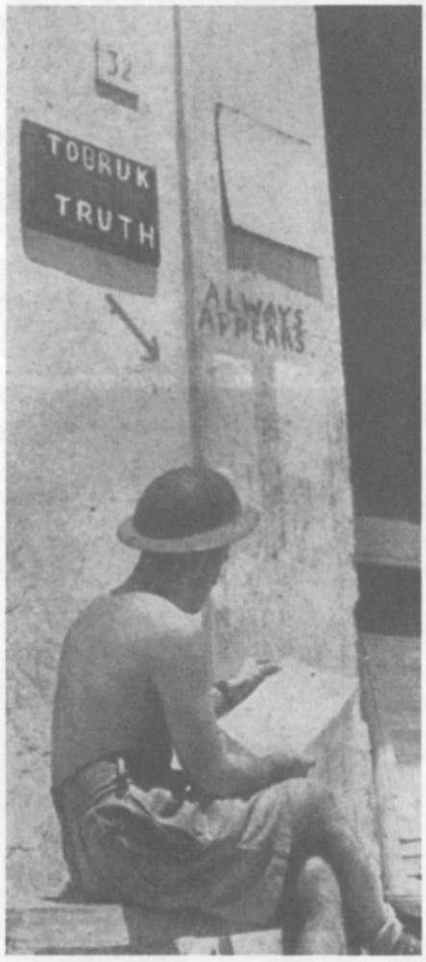
LUCKNOW, Mafeking, Ladysmith—these are three of the beleaguered places in our Imperial story where "ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew." Now to the heroic company is to be added the name of Tobruk.

Judging from the descriptions of the people who have been there, it is not exactly a pleasure resort. Even in peacetime, when it was just one of a chain of Italian towns scattered at intervals along the Libyan shore, it had few attractions, and now it has all the drawbacks of a place in the war's front lines. It is usually approached by sea, since on the landward sides, on the east and south and west, the ring of Italian and German troops is drawn tight. "Tobruk, as seen from the sea at night," Richard Capell reports, "rather suggests the Ypres salient in the old days, with an elaborate display of rockets, Very lights, gun flashes and bursting ack-ack shells." Daylight reveals the spacious harbour as a graveyard of ships; the wrecks number the best part of a hundred, including the old Italian cruiser "San Giorgio." Tobruk town itself is in process of being demolished by daily bombing, not to speak of occasional shelling; and the white city, with its hospital, school, wine shops and shady arcades, now lies battered and wrecked. For the rest, the 100 square miles—about the size of the Isle of Wight—contained within the perimeter presents hardly a landmark. From the harbour one ascends to the first plateau, where thousands of motor vehicles left by the Italians last winter lie stranded. In the sheltered valleys near the sea occur a few palms, fig trees and prickly pears, but on the windy plateaux, scorched by driving sand, only camel thorn struggles for life.

In this unprepossessing place a little garrison has stood at bay since last April, and still stands, and is determined to stand until the wave of British victory for the second time washes its walls. "Although Australia is the predominant partner in the defence" (to quote Mr. Capell again), "many British counties are represented too, and the coming years will hear yarns of tawny Cyrenaica, its tyrannical sun, its withering sandstorms, its flies and fleas and its invariably ultramarine sea, told in the village inns of the North Country, the Midlands and East Anglia."

"Tobruk," he goes on, "is an epic of intercontinental comradeship. Australian infantrymen call the British gunners incomparable, and while our men equally admire the grit and daring of the Australians who sortie into the unknown, these men in their turn think that the Indians, rich in North-West Frontier experiences, are the supreme masters of patrolling."

So there the little army live, with their backs to the sea and their faces to the illimitable desert where the enemy lies in wait. Some of the defenders have their quarters in the ruined houses of the little port, while others live in caves in the hillside or in trenches cut in the rock, in the open desert or in the beds of dried-up streams. Yet others are stationed in the outer perimeter, in the line of Italian-constructed fortifications which makes an arc 30 miles long in the desert at an average distance of eleven miles from the port. Air raids are a daily, almost hourly, occurrence, and the A.A. guns are almost constantly in action. The log-book of one battery records some 1,200 incursions and alerts. Between April 9 and July 31 there were 437 bombing raids—277 in daylight, including 48 carried out by dive-bombers, and the remaining 160 at night. It was estimated that during this period the raiders dropped some 350 tons of bombs. Yet the casualties have been remarkably light, thanks in large measure to the caves with which the district is liberally supplied.

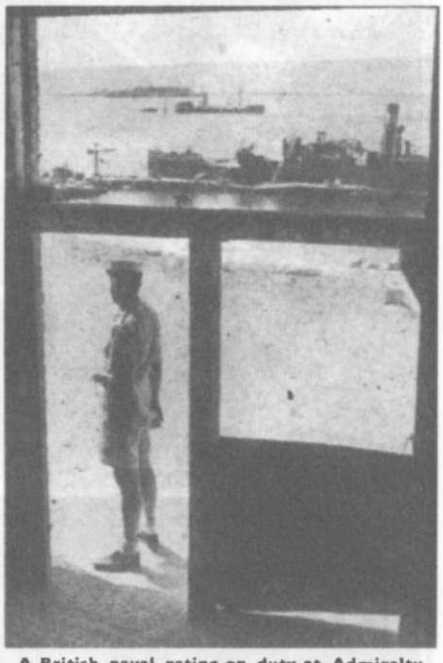


The "latest" from the "Tobruk Truth," a news sheet which contrives to appear daily. The editor moves his office whenever enemy action interferes with the editorial scheme of things. *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

There is No Beer in Tobruk

Save for the raiding, life in Tobruk is uneventful enough, but it is far from easy. There are none of the amenities of garrison life. There is sufficient food, but the mainstay is bully—bully—bully. Fresh vegetables and fruit are hard to come by, and tinned herrings are not particularly appetizing in that torrid climate. There are no girls, no cinemas, no canteens. The water is brackish, coming from wells or from the distilling plant which the Italians left behind them; it is apt to spoil the whisky—when whisky is to be had. And as for beer—well, there is no beer. That, perhaps, is the garrison's chief grievance. Sweltering in the blazing sun they think longingly of the bars they used to know. One of them, an Australian lieutenant, has been moved to write an ode which runs as follows:

Oh, sleek brown shape, thou prize of my desiring,
Mine inner man cries out for thee;
Mine eager lips, my thirsty throat aspiring
To taste thee, brew sublime and free.
In dreams I see thee held aloft and shining;
Thy sparkling fluid trembleth near;
Ah! bliss divine, what need now my repining?
Soon, soon I'll taste thee, precious beer.
Thus dream I soon that it will be my lot
Beneath thy lips to hold mine eager pot.



A British naval rating on duty at Admiralty House, Tobruk. This Libyan harbour is a veritable graveyard of ships, some of which can be seen in this photograph.

Books and papers are sadly lacking, though the men print and publish several news-sheets. One is "The Tobruk Truth Dinkum Oil" (Australian slang for "the real truth"), whose motto is "always appears." Another is a very lively production known as "Mud and Blood."

After ten days in the line the men are given two days off. Occasionally the more fortunate may spend a few days in Cairo; but for the most part the leisure hours are passed in Tobruk or lazing on the beach.

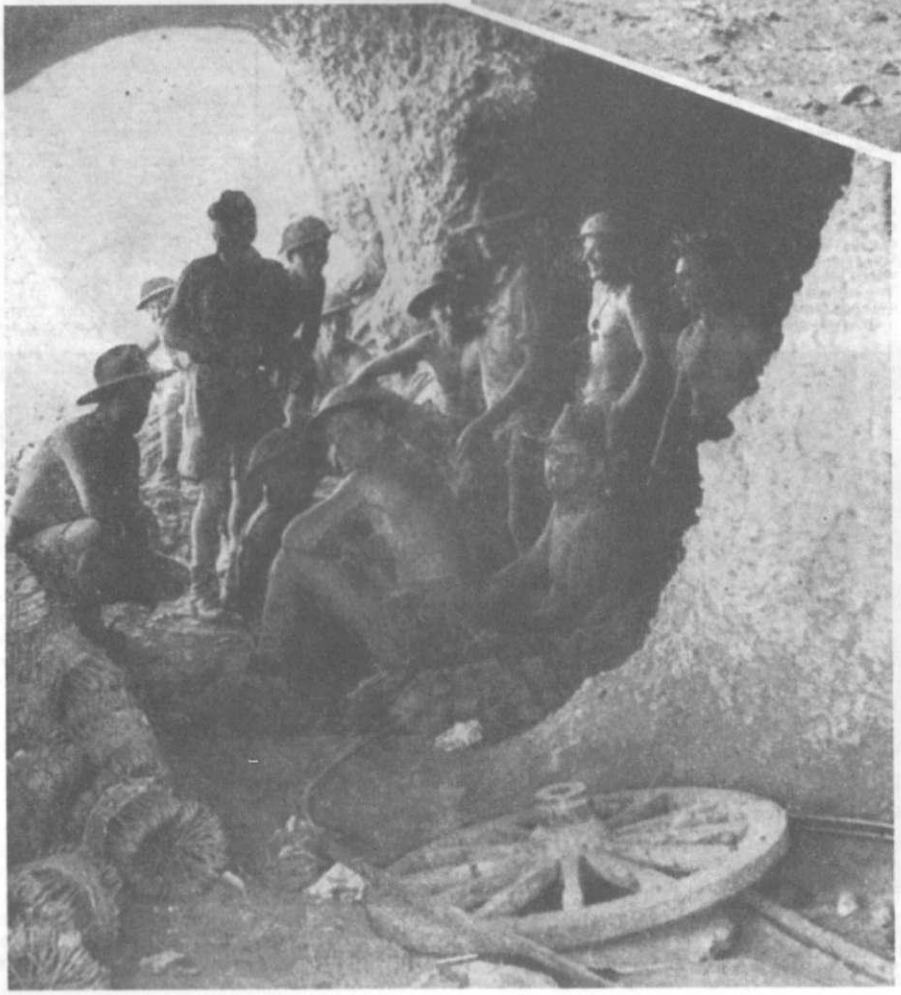
Since Tobruk is one of the dustiest places on earth, sea-bathing is very popular. Sometimes it has its excitements. "One moment," writes Richard Capell, "the whole land steamed in a deep hypnotism under the Libyan sun. The next it was spitting fire like an irritated dragon. We bathers wriggled as best we could into the sand, meanwhile gazing fascinated at the swooping aircraft, the tracer bullets and ack-ack shell bursts, a spectacle stranger than all those ancient lands' mythology could afford."

Then the men have their competitions, e.g. a flea-catching contest, on which it may be commented that it was not confined to fleas but comprised all kinds of vermin. "Mud and Blood" printed a table of comparative values: 1 bug equals 3 fleas; 1 rat, 10 fleas; 1 gazelle, 300 fleas; 1 Italian prisoner, 200 fleas—plus all fleas found on him. William Forrest, Special Correspondent of the "News Chronicle," tells of a cartoon in "Mud and Blood" depicting an Italian surrendering to an Aussie. "Don't kill me!" cries the Italian. "Kill you, be —— !" replies the Aussie. "You mean about 700 fleas to me!" This is a sample of the more mild instances of humour that is rife in Tobruk. But "Mud and Blood" is not a family newspaper, and as an excuse for not publishing some more vigorous specimens, William Forrest reminds us that there are no ladies in Tobruk!

Their Backs to the Sea, Their Faces to the Desert

The Italian cruiser, San Giorgio, lies battered in Tobruk harbour. She was damaged and beached during a bombing attack by the Fleet Air Arm at Tobruk, June 11, 1940.

"Cave-men" who have put a spoke in the Axis wheel in North Africa, these Australian soldiers round about Tobruk live and work thus protected from Nazi bombs.



Australian reinforcements making their way towards the outer defences of beleaguered Tobruk. The area still in British hands is about 100 square miles.

A FULL HOUSE for amateur theatricals at Tobruk where men of the R.A.F. and A.I.F. are entertaining comrades. On the wall is a piece of Italian rant about Fascism.

Photos, British Official

Home Guards Show a Really Offensive Spirit

A realistic attack by "German" paratroops operating from behind a smoke screen against a railhead. Porters, goods-checkers and signalmen of the Home Guard rush into action and score a local victory over the "enemy." On the left, an "invader" is captured by a Home Guard and threatened with his own revolver. Tanks were used by the defenders in driving off the parachute troops.

SHORT SHRIFT FOR LOOTERS in a Home Guard exercise at Birkenhead. An incident in the "battle" between Home Guards and Dutch Army troops who played the part of the "invaders." Though the Home Guards accounted for 50 per cent of the attackers, and stubbornly resisted them everywhere, the "enemy" captured the town. In the circle above, a Home Guard crew with their Northover Projector in an ambush post during similar manoeuvres on Epsom Downs. The Northover Projector is used for throwing Molotov cocktails at advancing tanks and enemy blockhouses.

Photos, "News Chronicle," Sport & General, Keystone and Associated Press

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

How We German Parachutists Captured Maleme

Here is a German eye-witness story, issued by the German propaganda, of the capture of Maleme aerodrome in Crete. Told by Lieut. Ernst Kleinlein of the First Division of Parachute Troops, it is published here by arrangement with "Life."

LIEUTENANT KLEINLEIN'S story begins when he is flying out from Greece in a Junkers transport plane. He says:

The hand on my small silver watch stands close to 4 a.m. We still have 15 minutes more flying. I look out of the plane window. The other planes in the squadron have closed up. Behind us flies the second company, behind it the third. I count to see whether a plane has been left behind—12, 15, 23, 30, 52—as I come to 60 I give it up. From the cobalt-blue vapour between sky and water the planes rise behind us like an army of scaled dragons. The lance-sergeant taps my shoulder. He points through the opposite window. There it is: the small narrow beach, the first ridges in the foreground and behind the second terrace the white rocky peaks of the mountains of Crete.

The lance-sergeant again taps my shoulder. "*Herr Oberleutnant.*" Yes, I know. Again there is that pressing feeling in my stomach which comes to me when the plane descends.

"Door open." The sergeant stands at the door. He gives the signal to leap with a rap of his left hand on the back of every man who quickly appears in front of the plane door. Schroeder, Grammelsberg, Hansen, Berg, Wenstaedt, now the lance-sergeant, now me.

I have four-and-a-half seconds from the time the parachute opens until landing. The wind carries us directly to the hill. Our bombers hurtle against the airport batteries from above like catapulted knives. Now I notice the whining whistle of the plane swooshing down only 50 metres from us—there is a dry rattle of its cannons. There comes the next one. In the distance hollow bomb detonations thud. Over there, our first machine-gun begins. Lieutenant W. is attacking already. Then I myself am down.

Will the English Fighters Come?

The lance-sergeant stands in the bomb crater next to the machine-gun; next to him, Schroeder; next, the sergeant. The bombers have withdrawn and circle about like swallows in the air. Will the English fighters come?

None come. From our hill we can look down on the field (Maleme aerodrome). To the right, the hangar, made of old clay, wooden pillars and planks: Now and again a small gun crackles from the shadowy depth. Four khaki figures advance and fall together. From here they look like freed marionettes. We did not see the gunfire.

I nod to the lance-sergeant. He goes with three men toward the clay building from the rear. It is 4.25 a.m. We have been on the ground for ten minutes. The bombers are no longer to be seen. In their place new transport planes soar in the sky. They are to land at 4.30 a.m. The sergeant has taken up the machine-gun of the lance-sergeant. A flare goes up from the other side of the field. It is 4.26 a.m. and the edge of the field is filled with a flock of men. The British khaki is intermingled with the grey cloth of our men. A British tank clatters over the airport. It is only of medium size. We must hurry.

Now everything goes according to manoeuvres. "Fire." The sergeant shoots as if prompted by a stop-watch. The western edge of the field lights up. Hand grenades tear out the side of the clay hangar. It is 4.30 a.m. We have it. Eighty prisoners, one gun, some munitions.

Junkers transports sink low and descend with their load. There are still two Bedford trucks with broken axles lying on the runway. We should have removed them, but now there is no time. They explode into the air from our hand grenades. Immediately the first Junkers rolls into the midst of the splintered ruins. Now everything comes: radio apparatus, munitions, one sack of Wittler bread from Berlin, packages of bandages, trench mortars, lemons, our new rapid-firing cannon of manganese alloy, the folding gun carriage. The propellers of the Junkers do not stop. It blows as if God and the general wanted to give us special ventilation for the hot battle. The Junkers climbs. The next comes down. The bicycle detachment steps out: The third, the fourth. Down, up, down, up.

"Lance-Sergeant, what has become of that British tank?" He doesn't know. We find that a bomber took care of it for us. Since Greece our bombers have received small but effective cannon and are as useful to us as though we had the anti-tank guns.

Land, take off, land, take off, land, and take off again and again. The sun already is high and hot. My ears have become deaf from the roar of motors. After 60 transports have landed and taken off again, the advance to the sea begins. But we are to remain at the field. Toward noon we are supposed to be picked up and then go on again—to Heraklion. But I don't tell my men.

We look around the vicinity. Burned-out Mausers, tent sections which were drenched with lime and now break like paper, rifles, munition cases. In the disintegrated shed the lance-sergeant has discovered a supply of corned beef. "May we breakfast?" he asks. "Permitted," I say. They make themselves a stove from a petrol tank which withstood the blowing up of the truck barricades, and start a fire. The sergeant is wounded. Lieutenant W. has lost two men.

Meanwhile I look over the prisoners. They are almost all New Zealanders. "We had no idea of this kind of war," says one fellow, tall as a tree. We captured the majority in shirts and shorts. They were more surprised than outfought—the affair went that fast. "We expected you ever since Saturday," the tall one says. "So we were on guard for three nights and got no sleep. Today you surprised us."

"Impolite of us," I say, and the entire group laughs.

I permit my men to gather up and fold the parachutes and then order quiet. At 10 o'clock the prisoners are transported away in empty Junkers. At 11 a.m. the last Junkers brings new sealed orders.

I stroll about the country a bit. Spread-out detachments have pushed up to the tank nest. The air battle apparently has moved out to sea and to the west. The sun burns on bare stones. A large lizard in strange colours shoots along between the cliffs. Now we lie here between Europe and Africa and wait . . .

NAZI PARATROOPS, three of whom are seen in the foreground, with others coming down, on the island of Crete. A detailed description of the German air-borne invasion of Crete appears in this page from the pen of a Nazi lieutenant of the First Division of Parachute Troops taking part in the capture of Maleme aerodrome. *Photo, Planet News*

I WAS THERE!

The German Officer Shot Me in Cold Blood

In a special hospital in Moscow for men severely wounded in the head and face lay V. Dolgin, a 26-year-old Ukrainian, who was maltreated and left for dead by the Germans on the Smolensk front. Here is his story, as reported in "Soviet War News."

It was on July 16, and we had received orders to occupy the village of Demidovo, near Smolensk, and to advance to the highway. When we had gone a little way the Germans opened fire on us, but we answered them. It was in this battle that I was wounded in the arm and leg. The commander urged me to go back, but I was a machine-gunner and wanted to turn my ammunition over to the other gunners. As I was trying to reach them, something crashed on my head and I was knocked unconscious.

I lay where I was for about four hours and regained consciousness only when I felt someone kicking me. I opened my eyes and saw a German officer and two soldiers standing over me. The officer ordered me to stand up, but I could not stand. The two soldiers pulled me to my feet, but when the officer hit me in the face with his fist I fell down again. Then the officer demanded that I tell him the whereabouts of the Soviet troops and how many tanks we had. I refused, and he became angry and hit me again. I still remained silent; and then he took a gun from one of the soldiers and shot me twice. The second bullet tore through my tongue and knocked out several teeth. Thinking I was dead, they left me. I was very weak, for I was bleeding badly. I wanted to dress my wounds, but I was afraid that, if they saw the white bandage, they would know I was alive and come back again. Finally, I decided to remain as I was until the night and then try to reach the village. The whole day I lay on the ground in a semi-conscious state. I had illusions that I saw my comrades, and I wondered why they did not come to my rescue. I tried to call to them, but I could not speak, and I could not stand up.

Finally, it grew dark and I began to crawl to the village. I was terribly thirsty; and I think it was the thirst that saved my life, for every time I fell down the thirst drove me on again. At last I reached the village and found water, and then I felt better. I met two old peasants and asked them to direct me to the Soviet troops. My tongue was so swollen from the wound that I could only mutter and they could not understand me. They thought I was a German soldier. Reluctantly, they said I might sleep on the hay near their house, and I stayed there until the morning. When the morning came I heard firing, but I did not know whether it was our troops or the Germans. I crept out of the hay, and after I had gone a little way I ran into a Red Army man from the signal corps. He took me to the hospital, where my wounds were dressed, and then I was sent to Moscow. That is all.

Nobody, if they have never experienced the torture that I did, can imagine that men can be so cruel and do the terrible things that the Germans did to me. It is horrible to recall it now, and every time I think of it I feel as if I am beginning a second life.

V. DOLGIN, young Russian machine-gunner, who describes above how he was shot by the Nazis although wounded. *Photo, British Official*

I Posed as a Traitor to Get Out of France

A young French infantry officer, who volunteered for service in Syria in order to have a chance of getting out of France, here gives a revealing account of the attitude of the people in the Occupied zone towards cooperation with the Germans.

In June I was garrisoned with an infantry regiment near the border of Occupied France. Like many comrades who left the military school at the same time as myself, I entertained the secret hope of joining the Free French. A heaven-sent opportunity arose when a secret circular arrived, asking for reinforcements in officers and N.C.O.s for the Levant. I signed on immediately, and towards the middle of June we left, 700 of us, by special train.

Every time our train stopped in Occupied France people, often in the presence of German officers, did not hide their contempt for the "volunteers," brandishing a threatening fist at us, calling us "traitors" and shouting all sorts of insulting epithets.

At Mulhouse groups of people, notably women, gathered in front of the train windows shouting "Shame! Shame!" and pelted us with stones. Many windows were broken. The police had great difficulty in moving hostile groups from the platform. An aged peasant shouted in front of my carriage window: "You are all traitors. I hope you will be killed by the Free French or drowned in the sea." Many of us tried to buy cigarettes and refreshments at the station buffet, but no one would serve us.

All the places through which we passed bore signs of the real feeling of the population, like the immense "Darlan has sold himself" chalked up on the wall of a factory beside the railway line.

We were particularly disgusted when we arrived at the German frontier. Then it became clear whom we were about to fight for. The Nazis, officers and men, were most polite, almost obsequious. The clanking of boots and spurs, the shaking of hands, the robot-like salutes, the refreshments specially prepared for us, the toasts to German victory and the new order in Europe—if some credulous or misled people were taken in by them, most of us felt more like crying. The same ceremony was repeated during the crossing of Germany and the occupied Balkans.

We left the train to be taken by air to Aleppo. The plane which took me and several other officers to Athens must have been sabotaged in some way or other, for we had scarcely got in the air when we lost one propeller. Then three engines out of four refused to work properly. The pilot managed to land safely in a field near the aerodrome where we had started.

This Free French soldier fought alongside the British in Syria. After the Allied victory many of the Vichy troops came over to the cause of Free France. *Photo, P.N.A.*

We arrived in Syria a few days before the armistice was signed. As soon as we arrived, a great many of us made arrangements to join the Free French Forces. One day I hailed an Australian motor-lorry on the Tripoli road, and two hours later I was at the Free French headquarters.—*Free French Newsletter.*

My First Six Months as a Land Girl

By the summer of 1941 it was hoped to raise the total of recruits to the Women's Land Army over the last war figure of 16,000. Here E. M. Barraud, who was one of the first thousand, tells the story of her first six months on the land.

One September morning my employer led me, with what I now know to be mutual doubts, out to his orchards to start picking plums; and there he left me, with a completely uncontrollable ladder, two picking baskets and a pile of empty half-sieves. I had no idea of the lay-out of the farm, and when he disappeared into the blue, I felt more alone, lost, desolate and incompetent than ever in my life before. Apart from anything else, I have a horror of heights, and ladder-heights in particular!

I can laugh at that day now, but at the time it was almost unmitigated horror. I nearly killed myself lugging that ladder about. I could never find the right place or angle in which to set it, and when I *had* managed to coax it into position, as soon as I set foot on it, it lurched ominously, with creaking and cracking of branches. I had no idea how many baskets of the wretched plums I was expected to fill, or by what time. But the

I WAS THERE!

Astride her horse, this land girl is homeward bound with a load of hay. In this page a land girl describes her experiences.

real sore spot is that, in my ignorance, and working alone, I did not know for a week that it was the local custom to take half an hour for lunch at ten o'clock—and when it came to Friday night, and I found out, I hadn't the nerve to charge my employer for those five half-hours!

It all seems a very long way off now, now that I am a hardened farm hand. In the second week a new terror lay in wait for me—my first handling of a farm horse. A man fell out of the harvest field, and I was put on to lead loaded carts back to the rickyard and empty ones out to the field. Then I was roped in to pitch sheaves down in the field. Then to help with the stacking.

Those were the days when every fresh job meant a fresh set of unused muscles to ache, till I began to think I would never come to the end of the pain, and be able to say, "Now there isn't another inch of me to discover." Because no sooner were my arm muscles fairly tough than they gave me the job of horse-raking through the stubble, and I got it in my legs, so that when at last I dared to climb down from the seat I found I could not stand. (It was that day when I first had to stable my horse, and ended up, after a hectic twenty minutes, with his collar round my neck and the harness a glorious tangle at my feet.)

Summing up those first two or three weeks, I can only say that had anyone realized how utterly ignorant and inept I was, I might never have survived. As it was, it was taken for granted I could do this and that—and, to save my face, somehow I managed to do it! I hasten to say, however, that there was no lack of friendly help and advice when I did ask for it. I have the deepest gratitude for all the patience everyone has shown me as I have been learning. But I have always preferred to learn by "watching points" rather than by asking questions, and in the rush of those harvest days I was allowed to give full rein to my preference.

My farm is one of some 200 acres, mainly arable—wheat, barley, oats, beans, potatoes—with just enough cows to supply the house and one or two cottagers with milk, and some couple of dozen calves running on, upwards of fifty pigs, about seventy head of poultry and some thirty rabbits. At first I had nothing to do with stock: a young German refugee trainee attended to these, with occasional assistance. Early in November, when the harvest work proper was really at an end, and I began to wonder how soon I, in common with the other already dwindling team of harvest workers, should be "stood off," and what would happen then, the German boy found he was not suited for farm work, and left.

Martha Ferris, once a shop assistant, now has a very different job. Her new customers include these three-month-old calves.

I shall not forget that bitter November morning, when I was half-way up my legs in water, wrestling with a hedge and ditch which had not been touched for three years, and my employer came down to tell me the boy had left, and ask me if I would take on the milking. It meant I had my chance to go "on the staff." I started milking that afternoon. Within a week I had charge of the feeding of the calves, poultry and rabbits, and the shadow of being "stood off" on wet days was lifting rapidly. My proving handy with a saw and hammer banished it for good. I did not have one day at home all through the winter.

London friends wrote to me, "I suppose there is not much doing on the farm this weather." Not much doing? Hedging and ditching (one of my favourite jobs), muck-carting, all the concentrated high-speed work of threshing and chaff-cutting, artificial manure distributing, fence repairs, barbed wire work, dressing wheat, barley, oats, thatching, and all the other endlessly different tasks that crop up in the farming year.

And in October my employer wondered, Could I manage the tractor? He worked with me for an hour—then strode away and left me to go on ploughing a ten-acre stubble. Since then I have done my share of ploughing and drilling and harrowing and rolling, too.

I am afraid I laughed a little bitterly when I heard a broadcast about the training of Land Girls—how they were given I don't know how many hours' technical instruction, etc. I laughed still more bitterly—though there was some triumph in it, too—when I heard a Dorset farmer enumerate some of the jobs you couldn't ask a woman to do. I had done them all! And the triumph was definitely on top next morning, when my employer commented on the broadcast, and our foreman added, "Ah well, master, we've got one in a hundred!"

Well, there it is, the record of my first six months. I still say to myself, "Gosh, you're being *paid* to do this!" Because, having beaten my typewriter into a ploughshare, I know I shall never now be able to bear going back.—"*The Land Girl*"

Siftings from the News

Empress of Abyssinia has flown home to Addis Ababa.

New Liberator bomber crossed from Newfoundland to Ireland in 7½ hours.

Bags of tea, sent from Dutch East Indies, were dropped by R.A.F. over Holland.

Wing Cmdr. J. W. Gillan, who in 1938 flew at speed of 408·75 m.p.h., was reported missing.

Hitler has presented Mussolini with a great astronomical observatory to be built near Rome.

Germany has appealed to Rumania for loan to help "the Reich to carry on the Holy Crusade of liberation."

In Plymouth 52,000 bombed dwellings have been repaired, some of them two, three or even more times.

One hundred and eighteen air officers and airmen from New Zealand have already won awards.

Hard-rock miners of Royal Canadian Engineers reported rapid progress on engineering project deep in Rock of Gibraltar.

Estimated that during first eight weeks of egg control scheme 170,000,000 out of 305,000,000 delivered were bad.

Rioters at Goering Steel Works, Linz, Austria, being refused rise in wages, blew up two main blast furnaces.

A New Zealand torpedo-bomber squadron is to be formed in Britain.

Three citizens of Liége sentenced to death for concealing shot-down British airman.

Canadian Air Force has lost a total of 557 reported killed and missing since war began.

Quisling, sufferer from insomnia, has been gravely ill after overdose of sleeping tablets.

Nazi leader at Sandefjord, Norway, was thrown into the harbour by crowd singing Norwegian National Anthem.

"Berlin slaughters the Red Army with an adding machine," commented New York evening paper P.M.

Dutch Boy Scouts defied Nazi ban on their camp at Putten and police had to use arms, wounding one.

Five members of Yugoslav Cabinet will set up H.Q. in Montreal, cooperating with rest of Government in London.

During first week of outward Airgraph service 170,000 letters were photographed and dispatched to Middle East.

Nearly one in ten of population of Australia—600,000 men—will soon be in fighting services, and another 150,000 in munitions.

Argentine Committee investigating Axis activities discovered Gestapo index of 3,000 prominent anti-Nazi Argentines.

Paddy Coleman has exchanged typewriter for tractor and now works on a farm not fifteen miles from Piccadilly Circus. *Photos, Topical*

Editor's Postscript

SURELY not even the deepest attachment to the democratic right of free speech can justify any government in time of war allowing a self-advertising citizen to broadcast notorious untruths about a friendly state. Isn't this hot-airman Lindbergh just getting too much rope? . . . Happily, we know what he may do with that later on . . . His latest reported distortion of truth—truth which no future historian will ever dare to question—is that Britain "turned against France" and "turned against Finland," so that Americans have no guarantee she may not yet "turn against" the U.S.A.!

SUCH mischievous vapourings leave one gasping: leave one, indeed, with the feeling that Lindy's little admirer Goebbels would gladly have supplied the script of some of these speeches for him to broadcast. Goebbels certainly has invented nothing more foully false: not even his big Athenia lie, doubtless accepted by America's anti-British propagandist as a statement of fact. Has the man forgotten that Norway and Sweden barred, by the laws of a strict but futile neutrality, all plans and proposals for effective help to Finland when the Allies could have given that help and might have remained Allies thereby? Does he know that Finland "turned against" Britain when she joined with the Nazis in attacking the Soviets, for whom the strangely changed conditions of the War demanded Britain's utmost measure of help? Has he forgotten Churchill's passionate appeal to a corrupt and confused government of France to stand in with Britain on a basis of equal citizenship—perhaps the most daring gesture ever made by one valiant and undefeated ally to another, stunned, stupefied, vacillating, disintegrating? A self-sacrificing offer whose rejection should gladden all Britons today, for it fell on ears unworthy and hearts untuned to its greatness. *We* turned against them! What are the rulers of America going to do about this dangerous fictionist; this lucky airman whom the Nazis have flattered into posing as a violent leader of America's minority of Anti-British factions?

GEN. KONIEV, whose troops made a highly successful counter-attack on the central sector of the German armies in Russia, routing a Nazi infantry division and retaking many villages.
Photo, Planet News

"OPHELIA of the Ages, deckt in woeful weed and daisy"—thus Meredith of his Victorian age, and so many another poet from Juvenal to Joyce, in varying words, but to the same purpose, of his own age. To the moralist his own particular age is always deckt in woeful weed and daisy, merging into madness. I was tempted so to ruminate last night at the Player's Theatre, where I was the appreciative guest of Mr. Leonard Sachs with his delightful presentation of "Ridgway's Late Joys," which originated, if I'm not mistaken, in Covent Garden some time before the War. The entertainment was exclusively pastiche—but, as such, entirely charming. Yet it left me sad, for I saw in it—just like listening to the Wireless in these days—the end of an era. I'm an old playgoer, who has seen the early days, the heyday and death of the Music Hall, that peculiarly British institution which went out—nor will it ever come back—with the rise of the so-called "revue," which has never, save under the aegis of C. B. Cochran, approximated to the French original, and then only when it was associated with that other dramatic form known as "spectacle."

HAVING seen Lottie Collins do "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" with an abandon and a vivacity that the very title of the song can still bring to life in memory's movies, there was a tear in my applause for the young lady who faintly revived for me at the Joys last night that picture of a distant past. "The days of the Kerry dancers" did not come back to me, but to the younger generation, gathered under the chairman's hammer of Mr. Sachs, I could perceive that all was well—they were seeing as a new thing an old thing renewed. But all the spirit of it gone with the winds of fifty years! "Playmates," "Josh-u-a," "Clementine," and other early joys of my youth were all reproduced—with a new archness and *finesse* of satire, let it be said—but sheer nostalgia was their effect on me.

NOW I do not wish to be "nothing if not critical," where I saw so much talent, but all this harking back by the young generation to the days of old—of which they know little more than they do of the Greek theatre—seems to me foreboding. What I missed and what I long for is "the rapture of the forward view" (another Meredithism by the way)—and that's what I miss in all those Broadcasts that are built upon "old favourites." Old favourites be hanged! It's a sterile world we are living in if we can't get even a rationed supply of new favourites. All the listeners to the Wireless are not so old as I am, and I can attribute only to sheer decadence this continual insistence on the old. I'm all for the new. That is the good way of life: the "forward view."

I HAVE seen all the old favourites: Jenny Hill, Dan Leno, Arthur Roberts, T. E. Dunville, Vesta Victoria, Marie Lloyd, Bessie Bellwood, James Fawn, Chirgwin, John Jolly Nash, George Formby (senr.), Harry Randall, Harry Weldon, aye, and a hundred more, some of whom are still surviving and "in wery good 'ealth," notably Harry Lauder, George Robey, Charles Coborn, Vesta Tilley; but it is sad to see so much genuine talent in the younger generation being spilled even on good reproductions instead of exploiting new ideas, new personality, new interpretations of this new and totally different age. An age in which the art forms are all looking back for inspiration means that we have come to an end instead of an advance. In the thing that is new there is always a verve, an enthusiasm, that no subsequent reproduction can recapture. Look forward, Mr. Leonard Sachs (who might be a *revenant* Lewis Waller), not back! But thanks no less for a bitter-sweet evening.

I AM told by the Binding Department of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED that, despite their stipulation that only loose numbers untorn, and not disfigured by writing or otherwise, can be accepted for binding, some subscribers ignore this condition. This is especially the case since I have remodelled the publication in order that the whole of each number can be bound up. It is obvious, since the paper restrictions have forced us to abandon the original wrapper pages, that those who intend to bind should take extra care in the handling of the loose numbers, and ought not to make marginal notes on any of them. Fortunately, when we consider the large number of volumes that are being bound, these instances are extremely few, but as it is not always possible to ensure that each set when bound goes back to the original sender (which explains why "only loose numbers in good condition can be accepted for binding"), I do hope that binding subscribers will take greater care than was previously necessary to preserve their loose numbers.

APROPOS of this, I have this very day received a letter from a Scottish subscriber who tells me that he keeps the cardboard box in which the bound volume is posted to him by our Binding Department and places his current numbers, after he reads them, into the box to preserve them for eventual binding. What an ingenious idea! Nothing could be simpler or more practical. So I pass on the idea without delay to all subscribers who look to binding their loose numbers in volume form. When the total for making up a volume has been collected in the cardboard box, all that need be done is to send it and its contents with the necessary postal order and instructions as to style of binding, name and address of sender, the whole securely tied up and directed to our Binding Department, and in due course back comes your lovely and valuable volume!

JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE.
WHITEFRIARS LONDON. E.C.4.

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